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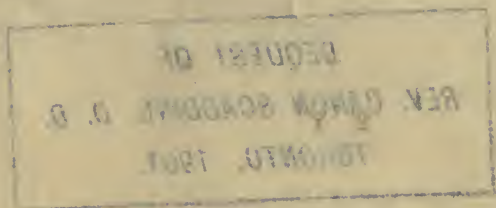
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Rev. H. C. Scadding, D.D.
1901

A
BEQUEST OF
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.
TORONTO, 1901.

P O T T E R's

P O E M S.

P O E M S



MR. POTTER.

P O T T E R



O E M S



L O N D O N
Printed for J. W. Lister, 21, White Court, York.
M D C C L X V I I I

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B Y

^{Robert}
Mr. P O T T E R.



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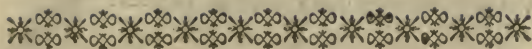
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A

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

THE AUTHOR XX.

S E E, from the roseate east the morning springs,
And her fresh beams o'er bright'ning nature flings :

Joy to the new-born day !----Alas, what joy,

What cause of gladness can my thoughts employ ?

If this revolving morn gave me to light

From the dark womb of unessential night,

Shall it be hail'd thro' each returning year ?

This gratulation how will reason bear ?

B

Is

4 A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

Is there a cause of joy ? Look back, my soul,
 Bid the past years in due succession roll,----
 Sight ludicrous and dismal ! Folly, noise,
 Substantial sorrows, and unreal joys,
 Childhood's dark morning, youth's uncertain ray,
 Manhood's hot noon mark out the various day :
 No wisdom, but through folly's school, obtain'd ;
 No passion conquer'd, and no virtue gain'd.-----
 And shall I bless the day, that brings again
 The same wild farce, nor shifts the idle scene ?
 Yes, I will bless it ; for perhaps this day
 Opens the last great act that ends the play.
 This act no light atellane laugh shall raise,
 But grave with moral merit sober praise :
 Then shall some decent epilogue engage
 Th' approving croud to clap me off the stage.

CYNTHIA.



CYNTHIA.

HIGH o'er the Gods, revolving in his mind
What most might benefit, most please mankind,

Sate Jove enthron'd ; on golden couches lie

Beneath his feet the synod of the sky.

To these th' almighty Sire, hear and approve,

Ye sons of heav'n, the fix'd decree of Jove.

All that is good or fair to man be giv'n,

Till we exhaust the bounty of our heav'n:

By my command the lucid fountains flow,

And in soft gales the vernal zephyrs blow ;

I crown'd th' aspiring hill with verdant bow'rs,

And painted ev'ry smiling vale with flow'rs ;

I bade the ruby's firey lustre shine,

And call'd the blazing diamond from the mine ;

Still to bestow what these bright gifts outvies,

Is worthy of the ruler of the skies,

Engag'd is my full pow'r to form a fair

Grac'd with each charm that wakens raptures hei

Let the bright ringlets wave her neck around,

Such as the starry Berenice crown'd.

Sol, form her eyes with thy own radiance bright,

And point them with the quintessence of light;

The lily's soul exhale, where fair it blows

Extract the blooming spirit of the rose;

With just proportion and the nicest grace

Unite them in the soft tints of her face;

To form her breath collect the sweetest gale

That pants on Tempe's aromatic vale.

Venus, to mould the swelling breast be thine,

And round her waist let thy own cestus shine.

Ye graces, your free elegance imprefs,

Direct the curious happiness of dress ;

Breathe all the soul of motion in her air,

And melodize each accent of the fair.

Thou, smiling Cupid, ev'ry grace improve,

Arm her with all th' artillery of love.

Teach her, ye tuneful Nine, to strike the strings,

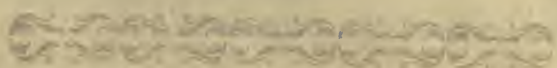
Let your own music ravish when she sings.

Give, lov'd Minerva, in her soul to meet

Thy force of wisdom, and thy fire of wit.

He spoke : applause rings thro' the courts of heav'n ;

And Cynthia to the wond'ring world is giv'n.



TO THE READER

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TO THE SAME.

WITH A PRESENT OF CROW QUILLS.

THOSE wings, with art Dœdalean taught to bear
 Safely a new inhabitant of air ;

Those silver plumes, whose imitated pride

For Lœda's love the king of heav'n belied ;

The gayly-burnish'd pinions of each dove

Yok'd to the chariot of the queen of love,

In honour yield to these, that form the line

Where glows that strong, that piercing wit of thine ;

Or wake the joyfull strings, when touch'd by thee,

To all the pow'r of melting melody :

With these the wanton archer of the sky

Arms all his golden shafts, and gives them wings to fly,



RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT.

A N

E P I S T L E.

TO THE REV. DR. HURD.

R E T I R E M E N T.

W HILE on the stage they have the richest advantages
 Their time and motion contributing to the pleasure

Of critics who will, who dare not sleep;
 Contriving scenes, and contriving men;
 Here in the world's great theatre to perform

Two persons combat, or converse in prose?

It is to be seen, and to be told as found

Pressing a free spirit, untrammelled tongue;

A name that takes not only looks in state

But governs all the actions of all the great



R E T I R E M E N T.

WHEN on the stage Bays bids th' eclipse advance,
 Earth, sun, and moon confounding in the dance;
 If critics wisely act, who damn the fool
 Outraging nature, and transgressing rule;
 How in the world's mad dance shall we forbear
 The serious censure, or contemptuous sneer?
 Where ev'ry age, and ev'ry rank is found
 Treading a like absurd, unnatural round;
 A round that rules not only forms of state,
 But governs all th' affairs of all the great.

Look o'er the military list, you'll find
The supple coward, whose ignoble mind
With slavish suff'rance joins the fav'rite's side,
Watching his smiles, and bending to his pride,
Rise o'er the brave man's head, and snatch the place
His scorn'd, but modest, worth was form'd to grace.
Nay, when we groan distemper'd with our pain,
And the fierce fever boils in every vein,
Proud to the very confines of the grave,
By the long wig we judge the skill to save.
* Or what avails in Warburton to find
The pow'r of genius, soul of science join'd,
The sacred mitre dignifies his brows,
Who lowest to th' unletter'd courtier bows.

* Tho' poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heav'n his footsteps may be found :
Behold, how awfully he walks the round !
God is abroad, and wond'rous in his ways.

D R Y D E N.

Too just to flatter, and too brave to lye,
From such a world the sons of virtue fly :
Yet, blest'd with innocence, how few can find
What to supply the mighty void of mind !
Becalm'd, and wanting oars, they ask the gale
Of others' breath to swell the flagging sail ;
Or, without pilot their light bark to guide,
Float at the mercy of each varying tide.

O teach us, for you know, to be alone,
And all th' advantage of retirement own !
Let us that greatest blessing learn of you,
To view ourselves, nor tremble at the view.
And let me bless you ; for your friendly care
Remov'd me from the world, and plac'd me here ;

And

And taught me, in the boiling heat of youth,
To hear the voice of reason and of truth ;
Willing your friend that happiness thou'd find,
Which gilds your shades, and calms your spotless mind.

From the reflections these calm scenes allow,
Much of myself, and of the world I know ;
I know that liberty, man's greatest boast,
Is in the chace of wild ambition lost ;
Enslav'd to all the vanities of state,
The passions, and the follies of the great.
Nor are the great more free ; their constant train
Drive the fair goddesses to the humble plain ;
Their actions closely watch'd, their words mark'd down,
And e'en their very thoughts no more their own ;

Perfued by flatterers, parasites, and knaves,

What are they but the veriest slaves to slaves?

And what concludes this pageantry of life?

The axe of justice, or the murd'ring knife.

Bribing and brib'd to grasp the dazzling prize,

And lab'ring in their country's fall to rise;

Tarpeia's just return their treachery yields,

No golden bracelet, but th' o'erwhelming shields.

There are who free midst all their greatness live,

If the name, free, to that we rightly give,

Which follows (flavish term!) passion's strong gulf,

The heat of appetite, and rage of lust.

For heav'ns bright queen a gilded cloud they chase,

And monsters issue from the rude embrace:

Yet

Yet the false form their ravish'd hearts adore,
Held in vain raptures by her wanton lore.
Mean while pale virtue groaning on the ground,
With all her ruin'd honours scatter'd round,
Insulted lies, and with indignant shame
Blushes to see the pageant's guilty fame.

O heav'n descended freedom ! if thy voice
Assuasive yet, can fix the doubtful choice ;
Lead us, O lead us to sequester'd shades,
Where reason rules, and not one lust invades ;
Far from the life of vanity or care,
From grandeur, folly, passion, pride, and fear.
Thou, when the wise, by contemplation led,
The darksome grove, or winding valley tread,

Wilt

Wilt join the walk, and breathe into the breast
The sweet complacence of a mind at rest ;
Whence purer reason, heighten'd wisdom flow,
An Hoarly's calmness, or a Seraph's glow.
There nor dependent, and by none confin'd,
We act the sober dictates of the mind ;
There dare we give the generous smile to flow,
Not basely fashion'd from another's brow ;
Or sit, or walk, uncumber'd with the train
That swells the little great, and meanly vain ;
Our guard pure innocence and wisdom brings,
More solemn than the tedious pomp of kings.
This, this is freedom ! O'er the peacefull plains
In all her glory bright the goddess reigns :
Behold her winning and majestic air !
The laws before her their firm guardians bear ;

Plenty, and peace, and industry, and wealth,
And sweet content, and ever-blooming health
Attend her side ; joy sheds his smiles around ;
Each muse walks honour'd, and each science crown'd ;
Whilst pleas'd she views her chariot wheels beneath
Ambition, pride, lust, fortune, fear, and death.

Forgive a verse the love of virtue warms,
Nor think these only visionary charms ;
You'll find them, list'ning to the moral strain,
More than a flatt'ring fiction of the brain.
Come then, with me, the heat of rapture quit ;
Hear sober reas'ning in exchange for wit ;
Preach on the world ; but first the text divide,
Of business first, of pleasure next decide.

How can the man, whose ev'ry thought is self,
 Search his own mind, and look into himself?
 Unheard without all grave reflections wait,
 Like humble suitors at a great man's gate;
 Intent on each low artifice to thrive,
 Strangers to virtue and themselves they live:
 An honest man, if honest such may be,
 Breathes many 'a sigh, and wishes to be free;
 But, like the Roman parricide, is found
 With serpents, dogs, and apes shut up and bound.

How are the filken sons of pleasure lost,
 In all her wild rotations madly tost?
 The flow'ry round unthinkingly they tread,
 Where vanities to vanities succeed;

Amusements ever new their reason blind,

Hope plays before, but mockery steals behind.

Lead them from these pursuits at some grave hour,

To the calm garden, or sequester'd bow'r ;

Collected there each scatter'd beam of thought,

They learn to think, and reason as they ought ;

Fame drops the wreath ; the pageantry of pow'r,

And wealth's own magic cheats the sense no more :

No more the wanton ask the painted toy,

True solid pleasures realize their joy ;

They find that happiness in reason lies,

Reason, that makes us, and that keeps us wise.

Nor end we here : new joys enrich the scene

In the calm sunshine of a soul serene.

On life's wide sea unsteddily we fail,
Sport of the dashing tide, or driving gale;
Or hope misleads the flatter'd sense, or fear
Embitters each tumultuous hour with care;
Each conversation pains; on ev'ry side
Fancied or real insults hurt our pride;
We pine with envy at the prosp'rous state,
But tofs the head, and mock th' unfortunate:
In passion's giddy whirl we vainly strive,
Converse in storms, and in a tempest live,
But, from the world retir'd, we find that rest
Which calms the troubled ocean of the breast;
The distant images, e'erwhile so gay,
Languid and faint upon the fancy play;
And with them every image dies away.

Still let me raise the verse, and point the road,
That leads thro' nature up to nature's God :
The heighten'd theme requires a stronger wing,
"The God, the God, the vocal vallies ring."
On ev'ry mountain we confess his pow'r,
In ev'ry bush the still small voice adore ;
When 'mongst yon' venerable oaks I rove,
I own the Deity that fills the grove ;
If the sage tree no voice prophetic gives,
If in its bark no fabled Druid lives,
He gave each tow'ring trunk to rise, he spread
The waving foliage of each rev'rend head ;
Known in each leaf unfolding to the spring,
Seen in each insect of the meanest wing,

Found

Found in each herb, each flow'r that decks the field,
 In ev'ry walk convers'd with and beheld:
 Blest intercourse! when deigns with man to join
 Th' all-gracious presence of the pow'r divine;
 When, great example of primæval grace,
 Man communes with his God as face to face.
 Hence, hence, ye vain, with all your pomp remove;
 For kings and courts quit all the wise approve;
 For kings and courts the godhead and the grove!

There are who feel these truths, the joy serene,
 The humble blessings of the rural scene;
 But false desires their erring judgements cheat,
 And ruin all their bliss to make them great.
 Fools! not to know that happiness and pride,
 Things inconsistent, will not be allied;

That nature, craving no luxurious feast,
Asks but a little, and rejects the rest.
Not that this lust of pomp wou'd be so ill,
Cou'd we, like Joshua, bid the sun stand still;
Or to our wishes set a certain bound,
Stop when we reach it, nor aspire beyond :
But here not more than foolish children wise,
Who covet ev'ry star that deck the skies;
The skies appear to their unjudging sight
As resting on yon' hill's aspiring height ;
The little wantons pant and glow with joy,
Eager to gather up each sparkling toy ;
Their breasts in vain a nearer hope inspires,
The moving sky, as they advance, retires ;
Till, having gain'd the summit, they deplore
The flying stars as distant as before :

Than

Than these no wiser we our wishes bound,
 The bound we find, content is never found;
 Still we toil on in warning nature's spite,
 Fix no horizon to our appetite;
 Run the same round with never-resting haste,
 Till death th' enchanted circle bursts at last.
 Wou'dst thou be blest? Thy false desires resign;
 Now, now retire; the future is not thine:
 Dare to be wise; for he, that here delays,
 † The clown upon the river's margin stays
 Expecting still the passing stream be dried,
 Still glides the passing stream, and will for ever glide.

† Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
 Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Hor. 2 Epist. L. 1.

But how retire? Shall we, like Timon, fly
 From all mankind, and in a desert die?
 In fretfull pique, or indolence forego
 Life's various duty, and its comforts too?
 Each kindly seed of social joy suppress,
 No friend to comfort, and no child to bless?
 A brother's bliss nor feel, nor wants relieve,
 And heav'n's own gifts unthankfully receive?
 Man's common nature, common good resign'd,
 The wretched expletives of human kind?

Or, say, too liberal for ascetic hate,
 Shall we Statilius' bounties imitate?
 Think to retire but to forsake the town,
 And carry all its noise and nonsense down?

Unfelt the rapture of the silent hour,
No shade sequester'd fought, no thoughtfull bow'r;
Drive sage reflection from her favour'd groves,
Haunts of mad bacchanals and lawless loves;
With riot's voice bid ev'ry echo ring,
And fright the muses from their wood and spring?

Oh! 'twixt the mad extreme on either side
Let wisdom lead us, or let C---d guide.
Above the vanity of greatness great,
His decent life e'en sanctifies retreat:
By him superior wealth is understood
But a superior order to do good;
Hence the deserving poor receive their part
Large like his fortunes, liberal as his heart.

Strong

Strong manly sense adorns his open mind,
And much he knows, and knows for all mankind;
Lover of justice, faithfull to the laws,
The person he respects not, but the cause;
Hence from litigious suits and quarrels free
Contending parties hear him, and agree.
The gen'ral good thus studious to improve,
The common parent claims our common love.
Fair, wise, and good, his all-accomplish'd race
Each virtue emulate, reflect each grace;
Hence the pure flow of private happiness,
And he lives blest'd by all, who lives to blest:
These joys in Spargrove's sweet retreat he found,
And all the chearfull country smiles around.

Ye venerable groves, whose op'ning glades
Invite the musfull wand'rer to your shades !
Ye birds, whose honied notes enthrall the ear,
Wake the bright morn, the darksome ev'ning chear !
Ye fountains, murm'ring music as you flow !
Ye flow'rs, that on their purple margins glow !
Ye winds, that o'er those flow'rs soft-breathing play,
Calm the hot fky, and mitigate the day !
Take me, Oh take me to your lov'd retreats ;
All, all conspire to blefs'me with your sweets !
Here in your soft enclosure let me prove
The shade and silence of the life I love !
Not idle here ; for as I rove along
I form the verse, and meditate the song ;

Or

Or mend my mind by what the wise have taught,
Studious to be the very thing I ought :
Here will I taste the blessings of content,
No hope shall flatter, and no fear torment ;
Unlike the sea, the sport of ev'ry wind,
And rich with wrecks, the ruin of mankind,
My life an honest, humble praise shall claim,
As the small stream, scarce honour'd with a name,
Whose glad'ning waters thro' my garden play,
Give a few flow'rs to smile, then glide away.

A F R A G M E N T.

In malos asperrimus

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A

F R A G M E N T.

In malos asperrimus

O THOU, whatever greeting likes thee best;
 Beau, bully, puritan, rake, pimp, or priest;

(For various titles please the Devil's ear,

As Satan, Beelzebub, and Lucifer;)

Whether, to Phœbus and each muse unknown;

Thou steal a name for labours not thy own;

D

Or

Or with a critic's insolent pretence,
Glean from French frippery half a note of sense;
Or whether, sick'ning at each virtuous name,
Thou spread thy blasts o'er the fair bloom of fame;
Or prey, vile canker, on the virgin rose,
That on the cheek of modest virtue glows;
Tho' thy own country spurn'd thee for thy crimes,
Mourn not; for vice may thrive in other climes.
O'er this sick realm thy balefull poison spread;
Attempt the nuptial, nay the bridal bed;
Watch o'er the couch, where weak age doting lies,
Hir'd pilferer of a strange-achieved prize;
Help the hot dame with love's fierce fever sick,
The leud Elvira's trusty Dominick;
Gloat on her beauties with lascivious glee,
The leering Satyr thou, the melting Venus she.

Whatever mischiefs thy fell thoughts intend,
 With the plain dev'l and that face to friend,
 Throw the dull mask, by shame unaw'd, away,
 And show thy hideous self to open day.



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THE LANCET

1890

THE LANCET, LONDON, SATURDAY, 19th JANUARY, 1890.

OF THE
PAINTER
ON

Mrs. LONGE's PICTURE of SPIXWORTH.



TO THE WINTER

BY

MRS. BONGER, FIFTH OF BRISTOL

THU, when we know, can frame our tale,
Draw the bright dawn, and give the graceful air;

But the ice tingles elegantly flow,

To shade the swelling bosom's name flow,

The lady's velvet's milk's way extend,

And as the water's distance bend;

To shine to bid the dawn's lightening fly,

And all the fairest of a radiant eye.



TO THE PAINTER

ON

MRS. LONGE'S PICTURE OF SPIXWORTH.

THY skill, we know, can figure out the fair,
 Draw the bright form, and give the gracefull air ;
 Bid the free ringlets elegantly flow,
 To shade the swelling bosom's mimic snow ;
 The lofty forehead's milky way extend,
 And its fine arches delicately bend ;
 Tis thine to bid the livid light'nings fly,
 And all the lustre of a radiant eye ;

To catch the bloom that glows on beauty's face,
 The soft seraphic smiles attractive grace;
 The sweetness of the female form divine,
 And all the wonders of the art are thine;
 Art, that to beauty can new beauties give,
 And bid its heighten'd charms more charming live.
 When this fair form with raptur'd gaze we view,
 Scarce can th' astonish'd mind conceive it true;
 As such perfection, not by nature wrought,
 Spoke the creative painter's vivid thought:
 But let the bright original appear,
 And all that æmulous art has figur'd fair,
 Form, beauty, grace, now deem'd so exquisite,
 Fade in the blaze of her superior light:
 With different force the beams of glory shine,
 And human art must yield to pow'r divine.

To catch the light that flows on beauty's face,

The soft, serene, and sweet, and true,

The sweetest of the sweetest form divine,

And all the world to see and know,

Art, that so beauty can now be seen give,

And bid its light to shine more clearly live,

O D E

When this fair form with radiant grace we view,

Grace and the world's bright light converge in one,

As such perfection, now in our world wrought,

Prove the creative power's great thought,

That in the world's bright light, appear,

P H I L O C L E A.

And all the world to see and know,

Form, beauty, grace, now deemed to be divine,

Look in the face of her superior light,

With different force the beam of glory shine,

And human art will yield to beauty's divine.



O D E

T O

P H I L O C E L E A

O H Philocela! For I, poor poet's slave,
No calm philosophy was able to give;

The brightest charms, that beauty shows,

I never could behold,

As we behold the bow's true glows

Upon the cannon's field,



O D E

T O

P H I L O C L E A.

O H Philoclea ! E'er I saw those eyes
 No calm philosopher was half so wise :
 The brightest charms, that beauty shows,
 I unconcern'd beheld,
 As we behold the flow'r that glows
 Upon th' enamel'd field ;

And

And eyes might shine; to me they shone in vain,
They never touch'd my heart, or gave me pain.

The tyrant love, to vindicate his pow'r,
Led me where well he knew I must adore;
To you he led me----Oh my heart!

Shou'd I to wisdom fly?

But wisdom took the tyrant's part,

And help'd his victory.-----

With raptur'd eyes I hung upon the fight,
And lost myself in wonder and delight.

So heav'nly bright the beam of beauty shin'd,

It left your image printed on my mind.

My

My mind how chang'd ! For from that hour

I lost my liberty ;

And nothing now is in my pow'r,

But to adore and sigh ;

For from that hour whate'er I say, or do,

Or think, or wish, is you, and only you.

Oft as I hear the mention of your name,

My mantling blood glows conscious of my flame :

But if I touch that tender hand,

(Ye wise, in nature read,

Who love's deep myst'ries understand,

Say whence it can proceed,)

I feel a delicate and pleasing pain

Thrill in each nerve, and glide thro' ev'ry vein.

Where'er I go, I bear your form about ;

I shut my eyes, but cannot shut you out.

What shall I do? With books I try

To mitigate my pain ;

But my fond fancy will apply

To you the glowing strain ;

To you the poet's praises must belong, O T

The Mira or Orinda of the song.

Forgive me heav'n ! When o'er the sacred page,

Where holy truths th' enraptur'd mind engage ;

Truths, which the glowing bosom fire,

With a diviner ray,

And bid th' exulting soul aspire

To heav'n's eternal day ;

I see you more than fairest angels fair,

And think my heav'n will be to love you there.

Where'er I go, I bear your form about;

I shut my eyes, but cannot shut you out.

What shall I do? With songs I try

To mitigate my pain;

But my fond fancy will apply

To you the glowing strain:

TO THE SAME.

The Muse or Graces of the song.

Querunt quod nimium est.

Fatigue me best, I know, if I be told I love

What holy rapture the composer's hand engages;

Truth, which the glowing colour gives

With a divine art.

And bid the swelling soul arise

To heaven's eternal day.

I see you more than latent angels seen

And think my heart will be to love you there.



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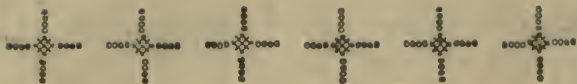
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T O T H E S A M E.

* *Quærunt quod nimium est.*

HARK, how the chill north chides among the trees,
Making us shrink and shiver at the sound !

See, how the snow comes beating in the breeze,

And covers with unkindly cold the ground !

E

Keen

* The writer of Mr. Waller's Life, prefix'd to his Poems, observes, " that the way of using the same initial letters in a line, which throws the verse off more easily, was first introduc'd by him (Waller.) And Mr. Dryden imitated it to affectation, as some others since him have also done." Happily for Poetry Mr. Waller had read the Roman Poets, and studied the harmony of Spenser, who has scatter'd this beauty thro' his Works with an unsparing hand. Indeed there is hardly a grace in all the regions
of

Keen cuts the cold with bitter-biting hate,

And sad th' unlightly season's stormy state.

The dainty daisy, and the primrose pale,

The silver'd snow-drop, and the violet blue,

The gorgeous daffodil that decks the dale,

The crocus glitt'ring in his golden hue,

Fold up their filken leaves, and droop their heads,

As they wou'd shrink again into their beds.

of Poetry which Mr. Dryden did not seize and improve ; but the affectation is to be look'd for in Writers of a different class. Instances abound. Virgil in the fourth Georgic describes the rise of his rivers with all the magic of poetic numbers,

Unde Pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, &c.

A Writer, who thought he cou'd never be Poet enough, determin'd to be even with his master ; so he tosses the Alps, one knows not how, into the end of an act, melts their snows, tumbles them into the Rhone, and makes them

United there roll rapidly away,
And roaring reach o'er rugged rocks the sea.

thus by putting this beauty on the rack he has distorted every feature, and destroy'd every grace ; and so it will often happen, that an acknowledg'd excellence in a great Writer fills half the land with imitating Fools.

Mute is the music of the thrushes' throat ;

No more the lively linnet sweetly sings ;

Hush'd is the light lark's wildly warbled note,

And the gay goldfinch droops his gaudy wings ;

The robin-red-breast, indigent and chill,

Knocks at the casement with familiar bill.

Pierc'd with the eager air the hardy hind,

Wrapt in his coarse-spun duffield bends along ;

And hastens homeward from the wintry wind,

Nor cheers his journey with one jocund song :

The houseless herds from such a raging sky

For shelter to the friendly hedge-rows fly.

This is the mirror of my mournfull mind,

All there is winter's waste, alas the while !

For thou, my Philoclea, art unkind,

Ah ! too unkind to blefs me with a smile :

All as the year with wrathfull winter wasted,

The budding blossoms of my joys are blasted.

Mirth, goddess gay, my pensive breast forfakes,

The lightly tripping train of pleasures flies ;

Here his sad seat mute melancholy makes,

And dull despair, the god of dolefull sighs :

With chiding blasts blow, blow thou winter's wind,

Thy murmurs are meet music for my mind.

But

But when the genial ruler of the year

Chears the glad vallies with a vernal ray,

Deck'd in their lovely liveries they appear,

With blooming bushes and fresh flowrets gay :

Pruning their painted plumes the sweet birds sing,

The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountains ring.

So, Philoclea, shou'dst thou sweetly smile

In pity of my painfull pangs of love,

That smile wou'd ev'ry cruel care beguile,

And wastfull winter from my heart remove ;

Rose-robed the sprightly spring wou'd revel here,

And own thee for the ruler of my year.



A N

I M I T A T I O N

O F

S P E N S E R.



—

MILITARY

—

RESERVE

Before a battle, the reserve force is the last line of defense.

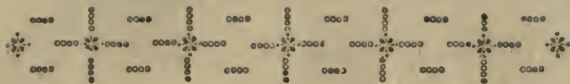
The reserve force is the last line of defense.

It is the last line of defense, and it is the last line of defense.

It is the last line of defense, and it is the last line of defense.

It is the last line of defense, and it is the last line of defense.

The reserve force is the last line of defense.



A N
I M I T A T I O N

O F

S P E N S E R.

BE farre, ô farre from me the forged show,
The vaunted vanity of lofty life ;

But give me the calm peace of lovely low,

From envy shelter'd, and remov'd from strife !

Let my small barke, unequal to sustaine

The rough sea's toylsome paine,

Let

With tempests deadly dangeroust ytoft,
And foul with wrecks, the shelt'ring harbor gaine,
Or ride securely near the rockless coast :
No marchant she, cunning in tradefull sleight
To vend her simple freight ;
That simple freight sweet heav'n enfortunize !
My wealthfull peace may no rude ftour emmove ;
Oh save what, more than misers gold, I prize,
Oh save my innocence, and save my love !

A
FAREWELL HYMNE
TO THE
COUNTRY.

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF
SPENSER'S EPITHALAMION.



FAREWELL HYMN

TO THE

COUNTRY.

2
WILLIAM T. WILSON, Author of the Hymn, &c.

The Hymn is published by the Author, &c.

When on the home power the latest song,

And on the evening shall descending bring,

Then come, attending to the bliss you

Which you have known for



A

FAREWELL HYMNE

T O T H E

C O U N T R Y.

SWEET poplar shade, whose trembling leaves among
The cheerefull birds delight to chaunt their laies ;

Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song, .

And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies ;

Their tunes attempring to the silver yare,

Which gently murmurs here

A

A babbling brook ; but swelling in his pride
Sees two fam'd towns upon his bankes appear,
And the tall ships on his faire bosom ride ;
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away,
And fomes o'er half the sea :
Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orehung with bowres
Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire ;
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,
Joy of my calmer howres,
Oh sooth me with thy whisp'rings whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

With

With pleafance oft two filver fwannes I view
Pranking their filver plumes with confcious pride,
A comely couplement of goodly hew,
Come foftly fwimming down the cryftal tide;
The cryftal tide, refplendent as it may,
Looks not fo faire as they,
Whether their fnowie necks they love to lave,
Or pluck with jetty bill in wanton play
The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave;
Or 'fdeigne to tinge their plumage, left they might
Soyle their pure beauties bright;
But with flow pomp on the clear furface move.
Ye fweet birds, whiter than the new-faln fnow
'That filvers ore Theffalian Pindus' brow;
Fairer than thofe that draw the queen of love:
Purer than Lœda's Jove;

Tune your melodious voices whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,
Wak'd by the lively larke's love-learned laye,
Unbars the golden light-gate of the east,
And as a bridemaide leads the blushing daye;
The funne's bright harbinger before her goes
Scatt'ring violet, scatt'ring rose;
The jolly funne, uprist with lusty pride,
Shakes his faire amber locks, and round him throws
His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride;
Then bids his livery'd clouds before him flie,
And daunces up the skie.

Sweet

Sweet is the breath of heav'n with day-spring born ;

Sweet are the flowres, that ore the damaskt meads

To the new funne unfold their velvet heads ;

Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,

That does the leaves adorn ;

Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing ;

The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

With early step yon' verdant slope I tread,

Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health,

Whence auntient Norwich rears her towred head,

Norwich, faire nurse of industry and wealth :

Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,

Where truth wihout disguise,

68. A FAREWELL HYMNE

Where dovelike peace, and virgin virtue where :
Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleasur'd eyes,
Bacon, to Phœbus and the Muses deare,
Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,
This grove-embomfom'd feate.
The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,
The silver shinings of my winding Yare,
The corn green-springing, and the fallows feare,
The lambkins' sporting round, rural delight,
From hence enchaunt the sight,
And wake the thrilling pipe, and tempt to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Oft when the eve demure, with dewy eye,
Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,
Affixes the sober empire of the skye,
The streakt west glimmering to the parting day ;

When

When golden Hesperus forth-streaming bright,
 The leader of the night,
 Marshals his radiant troops, and gives command
 In heav'n's hie arch their lovely lamps to light,
 Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band :
 When first the youthfull moon begins to show
 New-bent her blessed bow ;
 Or when, uprising from her eastern bowre,
 Full orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,
 Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud ;
 Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre
 The silver'd landskip ore ;
 And shepherd swains their evening carols sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,
Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead;
Or wander thro' th' uncertain-shaded grove,
Or the trim margent of the river tread;
Where the soft whisperings of the poplars tall,
To the streames liquid fall
Attempted sweet, the musfull mind delight:
Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,
Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight;
Where the low quail with modulation bland
Runnes piping o'er the land:
Where, as I stray along the dew-sprent ground,
The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear;
Where the mad citties lowder mirth I hear,
When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,
The deep bells roar around:

In

In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing,
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,
The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low,
Loosely along the grassie green dispred :
The slumbring trees seem their tall tops to bow,
Rocking the carelesse birds that on them nest
To gentle, gentle rest ;
Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,
Of all the tunefull sisters sweetest, best ;
She, soft musician, thro' th' enchanted dale
Powres dainty-dittied warblings, to delight
The stillness of the night.
'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade ;
In the calm solitude of that still howre
To nature's God the gratefull soul to powre

Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade

By quiv'ring branches made :

Rapt with the awfull thought I cease to sing,

Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaine's ring,

When flaming in the zenith of his powre,

Darting directly down his firey ray,

The hot funne, leaving his meridian bowre,

Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day ;

The gadding herd from such a fervent sky

To the cool thicket fly,

Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting ;

Th' enduring sheep in th' hot sands panting lye ;

The grafshoppers, blythe insects, daunce and sing ;

The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,

The damsels quit their rakes,

And

And seated where the refreshing shade is found
With joyous jolliment the daye beguile;
Sweet is the quaver'd laugh, the simper'd smile,
When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,
The vocal vales resound;
To me resound, whiles I assay to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Ye Lordings great, that in prowde citties wonne,
Which gently cooling breezes never blefs,
In gorgeous palaces with heat foredonne,
Come here, and envy at my littleness.
All on an hanging hill a simple home,
For its small tenant roome,
Safe-nested in the bosom of a grove,
Where pride, and strife, and envy never come,
Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of love:

A little garden gives a cool retreat
From the day's pow'refull heat ;
Where flows my gentle Yare, whose bankes along
Th' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,
With wanton wreathings deck the dainty shade ;
Whiles the smooth watry glafs, reflecting strong,
With bending bankes and shades respondent vies,
Pointing to downward skies :
Here in this soft enclosure whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring,
Here bountious nature, like a virgin faire
Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green
With cunning colorings of broidery rare
Sweetly' enterchang'd the varied shades atween,
The grassy groundfoil, as a lovely bride,
Hath richly beautifide,
Strowing

Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew,
The silver'd snow-drop, and the daisie pied,
The crocus glistering in its golden hew,
The cowslip drops of amber weeping still,
The flaunting daffodill,
The virgin lillie, and the modest rose,
The pretty pink, the red and white yfere;
Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare;
And the mild zephyr, that among them blows,
Around sweet odors throws,
Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
The chemist bee with busie murmuring
Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,
Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,
All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre:

The flock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,
In melting murmurs plaine ;
Sweet birds, of such a swaine to be the care,
The footest he that ever chaunted straine,
Or with the gladfull pipe enthal'd the eare ;
Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round
With their own girlond's crown'd ;
The nymphs that haunt the river and the grove,
Whether his skillfull reed he sweetly charms,
Or strikes the sounding shell and sings of arms,
Apollo him, and him the muses love
Their own blest quire above :
Ah ! wou'd they deigne their visits whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Here

Here the poetic birds no fear molests ;
 Did I, sweet tenants of my garden say,
 With ruthlesse hand ere marre your pretty nests,
 Or steal th' unfeather'd innocence away ?
 For you my trees the springs gay livery wear ;
 For you the rip'ning year
 Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,
 And tempers the rich honie of the pear ;
 For you the laughing vine with nectar flows ;
 For you the permain, comely to behold,
 Glows with irradiate gold,
 The burnisht bough vermilioning ; for you
 The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung ;
 Well have you paid me, for you well have sung :

On

On nature's music shall we not bestowe
 Gifts we to nature owe,
 Fond of our fellow poets whiles they sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring?

An academic leisure here I find
 With wisdom's lore to discipline my youth;
 By virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind;
 To seeke and love the wise man's treasure, truth.
 Oft too thy hallow'd sonnes enthroned hie,
 Oh peerlesse poesie!
 Sounding great thoughts my raptur'd mind delight,
 He first, the glorious child of libertie,
 Mæonian Milton beaming heav'nly bright;
 He who full fetously the tale ytold,
 The Kentish Tityrus old;

And

And he above the pride of greatneſſe great,
 Sweet Cowley, with the calmest ſpirit bleſt,
 That ever breath'd a calm in human breaſt,
 Who "the poor muſes richeſt manor ſeat,"
 The garden's mild retreat,
 Wrapt in the armes of quiet lov'd to ſing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

And he, forth-beaming thro' the myſtic ſhade
 In all the might of moral magic ſtrong,
 Who ſteep'd in tears the pitious lines he made,
 The tendreſt bard that ere empaſſion'd ſong :
 Or when of love's delights he caſt to play,
 Couth deſtly dight the day ;

And

80 A FAREWELL HYMNE

And with gay girlonds goodly beautifide,
 Bound trew-love-wife to grace his bridal day,
 With dainty carrols hymn'd his happy bride;
 Lov'd Spenfer, of trew verse the well-spring sweet !
 The footing of whose feet
 I, painefull follower, assay to trace.
 Bring fayrest flowres, the purest lilies bring,
 With all the purple pride of all the spring ;
 And make great store of posies trim to grace
 The prince of poet's race ;
 And Hymen, Hymen, io Hymen sing ;
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring :

Witness

Witnefs ye hills, and dales, and woods, and plains,
 Th' unmoved quiet of my filver daies,
 Free here from all the cares, and all the pains,
 Whose ftorms do threat the citties dangerous waies :
 There falſing forgery, and foul defame,
 And luſt of ſclanderous blame ;
 There cancred tongues, ſchool'd in th' ungratious art
 To blaſt the bloom of a well-deemed name ;
 There malice wonneth deep in hollow hart ;
 Ambition there and ſtrife, the lies of life,
 Sleek guile, and carled ſtrife :
 Away plaine honeſtie of ſimple eye,
 And dovelike peace that calmes the ſhepherd's day ;
 Away each ſcience, and each muſe away,
 And ſingle truth, and funne-bright honour flye,
 And lovely liberty :

Here then, sweet shade, ô shield me whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine,
Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,
The world's gay shows forgiving, charm'd the plaine,
Withouten envie, and withouten strife :
All on a knot-grass bank orearched hie
With ivie canopie,
And with wild roses richly well inwove,
He lay, and tun'd his rural minstrelsie ;
When, lo ! the fav'ring genius of the grove,
Phyfis benempt, to his entranced sight
Appeared heav'nly bright ;

Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,
 With budding flowrets perled all atween,
 And shaded with a daintie girlond green;
 And aye in green she did herself attire:
 Beneath her feet in youthfull rich array
 A voluntary May
 Threw sweets, threw flowres; the birds more joyous sing,
 The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Then with a smile, that brighten'd all the shade,
 Mild she bespake, and deign'd to press his hand,
 Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid,
 Break then thy rural pipe at her command:
 These woodnotes wild, this flowre-perfumed aire,
 And thy sweet-streaming Yare,

84. A FAREWELL HYMN

Must charm no more ; no more the hallow'd cell,
 Where white-robed peace, and free-born fancy faire
 With sacred solitude delight to dwell,
 Wake then the sparke of glorious great intent,
 In action excellent
 That fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine ;
 In all the depths of usefull lore engage
 To grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age :
 Ne ween that Physis bids those paths decline,
 For all those paths are mine.
 Change then the straine ; to hill, to valley tell,
 Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, farewell.

But

But, ah ! beware : for in this goodly chace
 A vile enchauntress spreads her vain delights ;
 With guilefull semblants charming all that pass,
 Till she enslaved hath their feeble sprights ;
 And sooth she is to view a ladie faire
 Oft beauty past compare ;
 And aye around her croud a gorgeous throng,
 Skill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,
 And the fine squeaking of an eunuch's song :
 But sacred science, tender love, trew fame,
 And honour's heav'n-born flame
 They know not ; yet the pompous name Vertù
 To th' idle pageant give : she cruel prowde
 Deals magic charms among the carelesse crowde,
 And does them all to hideous apes transnew :

86 A FAREWELL HYMN

But fear not thou the minion's magic pride,

For Physis is thy guide :

Come then ; to hill, to dale this burden tell,

Farewell, sweet shade ; sweet poplar shade, farewell.

To Cosme's polish'd court thy steps I'll lead,

My sister she, tho' e't we strangers seem ;

Farre otherwise of us the wise aread,

But follies feeble eyes of things misdeem.

The straw-roof'd cot, the pastur'd mead I love,

The mavis-haunted grove,

The moss-clad mountaine hoar, a rugged scene ;

Along the streamlet's mazier margent rove,

That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween :

She thro' the manner'd citty powres the flame

Of hie-atchieved fame,

The star-bright guerdon of the great and good;
 And breathes her vivid spirit thro' the mind
 Whose gen'rous aimes extend to all mankind,
 And vindicate the worth of noble blood;
 Such as in bowre Lycean holding place
 The man of Spargrove grace.
 Come then; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
 Farewell, sweet shade; sweet poplar shade, farewell.

Als like a girlond her enring around
 The sphere-born muses lyring heav'nly strains;
 The graces eke with bosoms all unzon'd,
 A trinal band that concord sweet maintains:
 And who is she, that placed them atween
 Seems a fourth grace I ween?

So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced

In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.

Each science too with verdant bay-leaves graced,

With honour brought from attic land again,

Adorns the radiant train.

Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire;

But bring the cherub innocence along,

And contemplation sage, on Pineon strong

Hie-soaring ore yon' lamping orb of fire.----

Thus piped the Doric oate, whiles echoes shrill,

To fountaine, dale, and hill

Refyllabbling the notes, this burden tell,

Farewell, sweet shade; sweet poplar shade, farewell,

H O L K H A M.

T O T H E

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of LEICESTER.

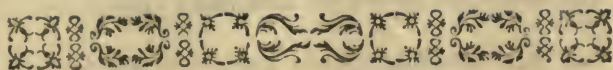


HOLKHAM

IN THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL OF LEICESTER

THE lofty porch and open hall
 Of Leicestershire's noblest lord
 Have not their glory: not that Sidney's name
 'Marshall in even ranks in oblation stand'
 Or his faith guard: in their bow is entwined
 Whiff and arrow, open'd on the moon



H O L K H A M.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

The E A R L of L E I C E S T E R.

THE lofty beeches, and their sacred shade
 O'er Pens-hurst's flow'r-embroider'd vale display'd,
 Have yet their glory : not that Sidney's hand
 " Marshal'd in even ranks th' obsequious band ;"
 Or his fresh garland's in these bow'rs entwin'd,
 Whilst all Arcadia open'd on his mind ;

But

But here sweet Waller breath'd his am'rous flame,
 And taught the groves his Sacharissa's name;
 Here met the muse, "while gentle love was by,
 That tun'd his lute, and wound the strings so high:"
 Still with th' enraptur'd strains the valleys ring,
 And the groves flourish with eternal spring.

Eternal spring smiles in those green retreats,
 "No more the monarch's, still the muse's seats,"
 Where crown'd with tow'rs majestic Windsor stands,
 And the wide world beneath her feet commands:
 Not that her regal rampires boast the fame
 Of her illustrious Edward's mighty name;
 Not that, in days of high-atchiev'd renown,
 There Britain's genius fix'd his awfull throne,

Encircled

Encircled with the glorious blaze that springs
From conquer'd nations, and from captive kings :
When each proud trophy moulders from the wall,
And e'en th' imperial dome itself shall fall ;
When those great names, the warrior and the sage,
Lie clouded in the dark historic page,
Then shall the heav'n born muse (to whom belong
The more than mortal making pow'rs of song)
Thro' times deep shades her sacred light display,
And pour the beam of fame's eternal day.

Queen of sweet numbers and melodious strains,
If yet thou deign to visit Britain's plains ;
If yet thy hallow'd haunts partake thy love,
Clear spring, enamel'd vale, or bow'ry grove ;

O come, and range with me th'inspiring glades
Where Leiceſter ſpreads the lawns and forms the ſhades,
On Holkham's plains bids Grecian ſtructures riſe,
And the tall column ſhoot into the ſkies;
Beneath whoſe proud ſurvey, extended wide,
New ſcenes, new beauties charm on ev'ry ſide;
Here crown'd with woods the ſhaded hills aſcend,
In open light there the low vales extend;
Here in rich harveſts waves the ripen'd grain,
And there freſh verdure cloathes the paſtur'd plain,
Sweetly' intermix'd, and lovely to behold,
As the green emerald enchas'd in gold.

See

See where the limpid lake thro' pendent shades,
The hills between, its liquid treasures leads ;
And to the boughs, that fringe its crisped sides,
Holds the clear mirror of its crystal tides ;
Its crystal tides reflect the waving scene,
Their silvery surface dark'ning into green,
As on the steep banks, bending o'er the flood,
Grotesque and wild up springs th' o'ershadowing wood,
Or the slope margent with a softer rise
Forms rank o'er rank, and shade o'er shade supplies ;
The verdant basis of yon' champain mound,
Its hallow'd head with God's own temple crown'd :
The home-bound mariner from far descries
Emerging from the waves the tall tow'r rise ;
With transport bids the solemn structure hail,
And wing'd for Britain speeds the flying sail.

In nearer view, 'midst the lawn's wide extent
That gently swells with an unforc'd ascent,
In just proportion rising on the sight
The stately mansion lifts its tow'ry height,
And glitters o'er the groves. An oak beneath,
That calls the cool gales thro' its boughs to breath,
Where the sun darts his fervid rays in vain,
Like the great patriarch on Mamre's plain
The princely Leicester fits; the pageant pride
Of cumbrous greatness banish'd from his side,
In these blest shades he plans the great design;
With heighten'd charms bids modest nature shine;
Shows us magnificence allied to use,
Tho' rich, yet chaste; tho' splendid, not profuse;

Calls

Calls forth each beauty that from order springs ;
 From its lov'd Greece each honour'd science brings ;
 O'er arts fair train extends his gen'rous care,
 And bids each polish'd grace inhabit here.

Nor these alone : here virtue loves to dwell,
 No cold recluse self-cavern'd in a cell ;
 Active and warm she breathes a nobler part,
 Glows in the breast, and opens all the heart ;
 To gen'rous deeds she fires th' empassion'd mind,
 The substitute of heav'n to bless mankind ;
 She thro' desponding misery's chearless gloom
 Pours joy, and gives neglected worth to bloom ;
 She in each bosom stills the rising sigh,
 And wipes off ev'ry tear from ev'ry eye ;

She

She to yon' alms-house, bosom'd in the grove,
From toil and care bids age and want remove ;
There the tir'd eve of labour'd life to rest,
Fed by her hand, and by her bounty blest.

These, these are rays that round true glory shine,
And thine, bright Clifford ! the full blaze is thine.
Bring the green bay, the fragrant myrtle bring,
The violet glowing in the lap of spring ;
Bid the sweet vallies send each honied flow'r,
Each herb, each leaf of aromatic power ;
The muse's hand shall their mix'd odors spread,
And strew the ground where Clifford deigns to tread.

In

In distant prospect, sinking from the eye,
 Low in the tufted dales the hamlets lie;
 Where virgin innocence, and meek-ey'd peace,
 With calm content, the straw-roof'd cottage blefs;
 And strong-nerv'd industry in purest flow
 Spreads o'er the vermeil cheek health's roseate glow.

More distant yet the throng'd commercial town,
 That makes the wealth of other worlds its own,
 Lifts her proud head, and sees with ev'ry tide
 Rich-freighted navies croud her harbour'd side;
 Or bids the parting vessel spread the sail
 Loose to the wind, and catch the rising gale;
 Whilst the vast ocean, Albion's utmost bound,
 Rolls its broad wave, a world of waters, round.

In sweet astonishment th' impatient mind
Bids her free pow'rs expatiate unconfin'd ;
From scene to scene in rapid progress flies,
Glances from earth to seas, from seas to skies ;
Delights to feel, the great ideas roll,
Swell on the sense, and fill up all the soul.
Not such the scene, when o'er th' uncultur'd wild
No harvest rose, no chearfull verdure smil'd ;
On the bare hill no tree was seen to spread
The gracefull foliage of its waving head ;
No breathing hedge-row form'd the broider'd bound,
Nor hawthorn blossom'd on th' unsightly ground :
Joy was not here ; no bird of finer note
Pour'd the thick warblings of his dulcet throat ;

E'en hope was fled ; and o'er the chearless plain,
A waste of sand, want held her unblest'd reign.

Lo, Leicester comes ! before his mast'ring hand
Flies the rude genius of the savage land ;
The russet lawns a sudden verdure wear ;
Starts from the wond'ring fields the golden ear ;
Up rise the waving woods, and haste to crown
The hill's bare brow, and shade the sultry down :
The shelter'd traveller sees, with glad surprise,
O'er trackless wilds th' extended rows arise ;
And, as their hospitable branches spread,
Blesses the friendly hand that form'd the shade :
Joy blooms around, and cheers the peasant's toil,
As smiling plenty decks the cultur'd foil ;

The bright'ning scenes a kinder genius' own,
And nature finishes what art begun.

But can the verse, tho' Philomela deign
To breathe her sweet notes thro' the warbled strain;
Tho' ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace shou'd smile,
And raptures raise the honey-steeped stile;
Can the verse paint like nature? Can the pow'r,
That wakes to life free fancy's imag'd store,
Boast charms like hers? Or the creative hand
In blended tints such beauteous scenes command,
Tho' learned Poussin gives each grace to flow,
And bright Lorrain's æthereal colours glow?
Yet peerless is the pow'r of sacred song,
That bursts in transport from the muse's tongue:
And,

And, hark ! methinks her hallow'd voice I hear,
 In notes mellifluous stealing on the ear ;
 Now clearer, and yet clearer trills the strain,
 Swells thro' the grove, and melts along the plain.

“ Ye nymphs, that love to range the lili'd vale,
 “ Where streams the silver fount of Acidale ;
 “ Ye, that in Pindus' laurel groves abide,
 “ Or haunt Cyllene's cypress-shaded side ;
 “ Or braid your fine wreathes in the pearly caves,
 “ Where fam'd Ilissus rolls his attic waves ;
 “ Whilst the barbarian's rude unletter'd race
 “ Profane your grottos, and your bow'rs deface,
 “ See, Leicester courts you to th' Icenian shore,
 “ Studious your long lost honours to restore !

- “ See, the fair rival of your native seats,
“ Aonian Holkham opens all its sweets !
“ Deign then, ye sacred sisters, deign to tread
“ The rich embroidery of yon’ velvet mead,
“ As fresh, as lovely as your liliated vale,
“ Where streams the silver fount of Acidale :
“ If old Cyllene’s cypress-shaded bow’r,
“ Or Pindus’ laurel’d mount delight you more ;
“ Go, sweet enthusiasts ! softly-silent rove
“ The studious mazes of yon’ twilight grove ;
“ Or, at the foot of that hoar elm reclin’d,
“ Wake the high thought that swells the raptur’d mind ;
“ Or pensive listen to the solemn roar
“ Of whitening billows breaking on the shore.
“ If the majestic domes, whose tow’ry pride
“ Glitter o’er fam’d Iliffus’ attic tide,

“ Your

“ Your steps detain ; these princely structures view
 “ Grac’d with each finer art your Athens knew !
 “ Each finer art to just perfection brought,
 “ All that Vitruvius and Palladio thought ;
 “ The trophied arch, the porphyry-pillar’d hall,
 “ The sculptur’d forms that breathe along the wall,
 “ Lycæan Pan, the fauns Arcadian race,
 “ The huntress queen’s inimitable grace,
 “ Athenian Pallas clad in radiant arms,
 “ Heav’n’s empress conscious of her flighted charms,
 “ Your own Apollo, on whose polish’d brow
 “ Youth blooms, and grace, and candor’s bright’ning glow,
 “ Gods, heroes, sages, an illustrious train,
 “ Court you to Holkham’s consecrated plain.
 “ Haste then, ye sacred sisters ! haste, and bring
 “ The laurel steep’d in the Castalian spring ;

“ On the choice bough a purer fragrance breathe,
“ And form for Leicester’s brow th’ unfading wreath.”

She ceas’d the raptur’d strain; and dear to fame
Flows the proud verse inscrib’d with Leicester’s name,



K Y M B E R.

T O

SIR ARMINE WODEHOUSE, BART.

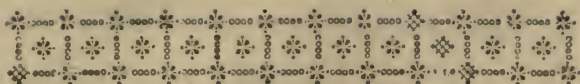
*Dii patrii, quorum semper sub Numine Troja est,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales Animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
Pectora.*

First printed in the Year 1759.



K Y M B F R

YET one more, ye lowly knight, and once more
My dear Yew, that sweetest flower I rear,
I thought, ye were the flower of the year,
That tree the green shade of the western bow,
It grew, here on the hillside, and
For not on the western hill



K Y M B E R.

YET once more, ye lov'd poplars, and once more
 My silver Yare, your hallow'd haunts I tread,
 The bough-inwoven bank, the damask't mead,
 And seek the sweet shade of the woodbine bow'r,
 If haply here the British muse abide :
 For not on Isis' academic side,

Nor

Nor where proud Thamis rolls his royal waves
Thro' forest brown, or sunny meadow fair,
Her rapture-breathing voice enchants the ear :
Nor in those fields that honour'd Camus laves ;
He, rev'rend Sire, the sacred groves beneath
Oft' deck'd with laureat wreath,
Thro' the still valleys winds his pensive way
Without the sweet note of one warbled song ;
Save ever and anon some plaintive lay
Pours its soft airs, the rustic tombs among,
To the low winds that thro' his osiers breath,
And murmur to the rustling reeds beneath.

Does she o'er Cambria's rugged mountains stray,
Snowdon's rude cliffs, or huge Plinlimmon's height?
Or in rough Conway's foaming floods delight,
That down the steep rocks urge their headlong way?
There chaunts the raptur'd bard in solemn strain
Malgo's strong lance, Cadwallin's puissant reign,
High deeds recorded yet in Druid songs;
Or swells his woe-wild notes, of pow'r to spread
Chill horror round the ruthless tyrant's head,
For Urien's fate, for bleeding Modred's wrongs,
And smites the harp in dreadfull harmony.
Or does she love to lie

In the mild shade of Hulla's softer groves,
And twine the vermeil wreath to grace the youth,
Whose rapt breast glows, as o'er the beach he roves,
Touch'd with the sacred flame of star-bright truth ;
Whilst to her lore his manly measure flows,
“ And wakes old Humber from his deep repose.”

Yet deign, if not to dwell, thy presence deign
Here, heav'nly visitant ; and with thee bring
The loftiest note that swell'd the sounding string,
When stern Tyrtæus rais'd th' heroic strain ;
To arms the warrior poet finote his lyre,
And all Laconia caught the martial fire.

Thee

Thee too, harmonious maid, the strings obey ;
Strike them, and bid th' inspiring numbers flow,
Bid Britain's sons with Sparta's spirit glow,
And rouse old Albion with thy awfull lay.
Thy lay shall well-born Wodehouse deign to hear,
As now with gen'rous care
From honour's fount th' enliv'ning streams he brings,
To visit, as they flow, that silver bow'r,
Where the fair plant of public virtue springs,
And breathes pure fragrance from each glowing flow'r :
Like heav'n's own amarant th' immortal tree
Shoots, blooms, and bears, the growth of Kimberley.

Haſt thou no verſe then, heav'nly virgin ſay,
By truth attun'd on fancy's fairy plain;
No ſolemn air, no hymn of higher vein,
To hail the bleſſed morn's auſpicious ray,
When, theſe tall tow'rs rejoicing to behold,
Forth walk'd the orient ſun array'd in gold,
Fiſt on their glitt'ring tops t' impreſs his beams;
Thence glancing downward, ſparkled on the tide
That bends along yon' hoar grove's moſs-clad ſide,
And ſcatter'd crimſon o'er its azure ſtreams?
The Naids, haſting from their coral caves
Beneath the cryſtal waves,

(In

(In pearled braids their amber tresses bound)
Thrice wav'd their hands, and hail'd the rising tow'rs :
The wood-nymphs too, with flourish'd chaplets crown'd
Forsook their groves, forsook their verdant bow'rs :
And thrice their hands they wav'd, and thrice they said,
“ Raife, ye fair structures, raife your tow'ry head !”

Next Kymber came, slow winding o'er the lea,
His head and sedge-crown'd locks all silver'd o'er
With rev'rend eld, as winter breathing froze
Hangs on the bare boughs of the spangled tree :
His urn was silver fretted round with gold,
With runic rhimes imboss'd and figures old,

Th' illustrious monuments of British fame :

Here stout Tenantius draws his righteous sword

To crush the curs'd rule of a foreign lord;

And spreads unconquer'd freedom's sacred flame :

There war-worn Kymbeline, by victor's pow'r

Forth-driven from princely bow'r,

To the thick shelter of these shades, retir'd

Feeding high thoughts and flames of vengefull war,

(Like a chac'd lion with fell fury fir'd)

Writhes on the lurking traitor's close-couch'd spear,

And bids the conscious grove, and bids the plain,

And kindred stream his honour'd name retain.

High

High on her warlike car Bonduca stands,
The plumed helmet glitt'ring on her brow,
Whilst loose in streams of gold her tresses flow,
The bow and pointed javelin grace her hands;
Deliberate courage lightens in her eye,
And conscious worth, and inborn majesty:
Heroic empress! as thy virtues spread,
Rome's rav'ning eagle cow'rs his quiv'ring wings,
Hope smiles, fair liberty her blessings brings,
And heav'n-born glory rays thy sacred head.
Grac'd with these sculptur'd scenes of antient fame
With stately step he came;

Nor wanted in his way melodious sound
 From pipe, or pastoral reed, or dulcet voice
 Of nymph or naid him enringing round,
 Or quiring birds that in his shade rejoice,
 Or gently warbling wind, or water's fall,
 Soft trickling from his urn in murmurs musical.

Then on the stately structure's tow'ry height
 With conscious pride he fix'd his raptur'd eyes ;
 And, as past scenes of antient glory rise
 Arrang'd on fancy's field in order bright,
 He paus'd ; then gracefull bow'd his rev'rend head,
 And thus in lofty strains due homage paid.

“ Ye strong-bas’d battlements, ye gorgeous walls,
 Ye princely structures, that with splendor crown’d
 Shine o’er your wide dominion stretching round,
 To you with friendly voice your Kymber calls,
 And bids you hail ! thereto he adds your name
 Renown’d in antient fame,
 Hail Wodehouse-Tow’r ! to tell you with what pride,
 What triumph he your glitt’ring state surveys,
 That dignifies his lily-silver’d side,
 And wakes sweet mem’ry of those glorious days,
 When full-plum’d vict’ry wav’d her golden wing,
 And deck’d with trophies proud his honour’d spring.

Yes, Kymber, now thou may'st with joy retrace
 The long succession of thy patriot line;
 With joy behold th' unclouded lustre shine,
 Which virtue beams around her favor'd race.
 Canst thou forget (A) the lord of Wodehouse-Tow'r,
 Whose strong-built bastions scorn'd the Norman's pow'r?
 From Deva's banks (whose mystic waters glide
 By holy Whitchurch, thro' those pastur'd plains,
 Long since the warlike Talbot's rich domains,

A. Sir Bertram Lord of Wodehouse-Tower, near Whitchurch
 on the rise of the Deva, Dei Aqua, now Dee, celebrated in the
 rhimes of Sir Philip Wodehouse.

When from (^b) Blackmere he brought his lovely bride,
 The fair L'Estrange) thou saw'st the stout knight lead
 To Silfield's happier mead
 His Saxon train. There Beauclerk's royal ray
 Shin'd on his battailous bold offspring, tried
 In many' an hard and chevalrous assay;
 When (^c) Neustria's fields with crimson gore he died,
 Spread vengefull flames revolted Bayeux round,
 And dash'd the rampir'd pride of Caën to the ground.

^b. Whitchurch was the inheritance of the Talbott by marriage with the L'Estrange of Blackmere, Barons.—Camden.

^c. Sir George de Wodehouse attended Henry I. in his expedition into Normandy, A.D. 1104.

Oft as Britannia's royal ensign wav'd,
 And the stern Clarion call'd in field to fight,
 The warlike Wodehouse march'd with prowest might,
 And the rough front of deathfull danger brav'd,
 Let Bara tell, and let Bodotria tell,
 Fort, lough, and river, mountain, wood, and dell,
 All that from southern Eiden's flow'rly lea

Stretches to bleak Strathnavern's northern strand,
 Was his sword sheath'd, when (p) Edward's iron hand
 Spread desolation wide from sea to sea?
 Or when the fable warrior's lifted lance
 Glar'd in the eyes of France,

D. Edward I. whom Sir Bertram de Wodehouse accompany'd in his wars in Scotland.

Was

Was Wodehouse wanting to the hero's fame?

Let Crecy tell, and Poictier's purple plain,

And captive Valois' hallow'd (z) Oriflame.

His dreadless hardiment let (f) Glequin's chain,

Record, and brave (f) Dandrehin's froward fate,

And poor Castilia's tyrant-wasted state.

z. The Oriflame was a banner of gold-and flame colour'd silk, consecrated and kept in the abbey of St. Denys. From the high opinion the French had of its virtue, it was made the royal standard by Lewis VI. and was continued such till Charles VII. brought in use the white coronet.

ff. Two gallant commanders in the army of Henry earl of Treftamare, whom the Black Prince, attended by the flower of the English troops (among whom was Sir William de Wodehouse) defeated and took prisoners on the frontiers of Castile, thereby restoring Peter, surnam'd the Cruel,

Who has not heard of Somme's affrighted flood,

How mournfully his cumber'd streams he roll'd
O'er shining hauberks, shields, and helms of gold,

His crystal current stain'd with prince's blood,
When daring Delabreth in wanton pride

The warlike Henry's way-worn troop defied?

But all this gallant trim and rich array

Lay soil'd in dust, when Bedford's burnish'd spear

Flam'd in their front, and thunder'd in their rear,

And York's bright blade hew'd out his dreadfull way.

Rouze, royal England, rouze thy matchless might,

And with a dragon's flight

Sweep o'er th' ensanguin'd plains of Agincourt :

And see, thy Wodehouse, whose strong arm subdued

The ruin'd bulwarks of yon' aged fort,

His golden chev'ron (*c*) charg'd with drops of blood,

Rest on the woodmen wild that bear his shield,

And hails thee victor of the well-fought field!

Can I forget how blythe my eddies roll'd

And kifs'd their crisp'd banks, when to Tewkesbury's plain

My gallant son (*n*) led his heroic train,

Stout earls, and princely dukes, and barons bold!

G. For this gallant action Henry V. as a perpetual augmentation of honour, assign'd him the crest of an hand, stretch'd from a cloud, holding a club, and this motto, *FRAPPE FORTE*: and the savage, or wild man holding a club, which was the antient crest of the family, was now omitted, and two of them placed as supporters to the arms, which had a further augmentation of honour added in the shield, viz. on the Chev'ron *Gutté de Sang*, as they are borne to this day.

H. Sir Edward Wodehouse, who was knighted at Tewkesbury, attended Edward IV. into the north with two hundred men at arms furnish'd at his own charge; being accompanied in his own retinue with two dukes, seven earls, thirty one barons, and fifty nine knights. Blomefield, from the pedigree.

Yet, ah! for pity! these fierce hostings cease,

That (1) maiden blossom wears the badge of peace,

And will you dye her white leaves red in blood?

But if your martial courage pricks you forth,

See where the prowling pilferers of the north

With inroad foul o'er Tine's forbidden flood

Rush from their bleak hills, lur'd with scent of prey:

Brook they your firm array?

Far humbler thoughts on Eske's embattail'd banks

They learn'd, as Somerset's victorious spear

With foul disorder broke their bleeding ranks,

Whilst vengefull Wodehouse taught their proud hearts fear,

And bade his thunders tell them, as they fled,
The (*) brother triumphs where the brother bled.

But not on camps and fighting fields alone
My glory rests; when turtle-pennon'd peace
Hush'd war's harsh roar, and bade its fury cease,
In these lov'd shades her softest lustre shone.
Here heav'n-rapt piety delights to dwell,

Train'd in (L) monastic Flitcham's holy cell ;

K. Sir William Wodehouse was vice admiral of the English fleet, and knighted for his noble service in the battle of Muffelborough, where his elder brother Thomas was kill'd, A. D. 1547.

L. Sir William de Wodehouse founded the monastery at Flitcham, and made a cell to Walsingham, about A. D. 1260.

Here plants her palm, whose hallow'd branches spread
 O'er tow'ring (M) Richmond's consecrated shrine,
 And form'd the holy wreath e'er taught to twine
 Round desolate (M) Caernarvon's hapless head.
 E'en that strong (N) arm, which stretching from a cloud
 Crests the achievement proud
 Imprest with Agincourt's emblazon'd name,
 Among his laurels wove this sacred bough,
 Ennobling valour with devotion's flame,
 And taught the warbled (O) Orison to flow,

M. M. Robert de Wodehouse, a younger brother, was arch-deacon of Richmond, and chaplain to Edward II.

N. See note G. relating to the crest and achievement of the family : the motto on the shield is AGINCOURT.

O. He was one of the executors of Henry IV. he was also executor to Henry V. of whom he obtain'd licence to found a chauntry priest, to sing for the souls of that prince and his queen, and of his beloved squire John Wodehouse and his wife, their ancestors and posterity, either in the cathedral church of Norwich, or in the charnel chapel thereto belonging. This chapel is now the school room, in the vault under which he lies buried.

As 'midst the taper'd choir the solemn priest
Chaunts to the victor faint high heav'n's eternal rest.

Here the firm guardians of the public weal,
Inspir'd with freedom's heav'n descended flame,
Rose nobly faithfull to their country's fame;
In frequent (P) senates pour'd their ardent zeal,
Dash'd the base bribe from curs'd corruption's hand,
And fav'd from tyrant pride the sinking land.

P. This family has serv'd with inviolable integrity in twenty eight parliaments; to seventeen of which they have been return'd for the county of Norfolk.

Or

Or prompt to answer bleeding Europe's call,
 To distant realms (Q) bore Britain's high behest,
 Bade the sword sleep, gave gasping nations rest,
 And taught the doubtfull balance where to fall.
 But in the softer hour of social joy,
 When ceas'd the high employ,
 These woodland walks, these tufted dales among
 The (R) silver-sounding muses built their bow'r,
 Made vocal with the lute-attempted song ;
 Whilst blooming courtesy's gold-spangled flow'r,

Q. Sir Thomas Wodehouse was sent ambassador to France by Henry VII.—Another Sir Thomas was sent into France, Spain, and Italy, to qualify himself for the highest employments, by prince Henry son to James I.

R. If history has not thought it beneath her dignity to record the musical accomplishments of Epaminondas, the Poet may be allow'd to observe that this fine art has been much cultivated at Kimberley. Jenkins, the most celebrated composer and master of music of his age, liv'd chiefly there, and lies buried in the church. "Musas et musicam studiose colens", is part of the elegant monumental inscription on Sir Philip Wodehouse.

Cull'd

Cull'd by the graces, spread its brightest glow
To deck unswerving honour's manly brow.

And you, age-honour'd oaks, whose solemn shades
Inviron this fair mansion, proudly stand
The sacred (s) nourslings of Eliza's hand,
When she with sov'reign glory grac'd your glades,
And pleas'd beheld her (τ) Boleyn's kindred line
Ennobled with your trophied honours shine.

s. The venerable oaks upon the hill, where the house now stands, were planted in honour of queen Elizabeth whilst she was at Kimberley, A. D. 1578.

τ. Thomas Wodehouse, who was kill'd at Muffelborough, married a Shelton, whose mother was a Boleyn.

Spring cretfeless cravens from fuch flocks as thefe;
 Ask the pale (v) Groyne, ask Tayo's trembling tide,
 Ask Cadiz weeping o'er her ruin'd pride,
 And Austria fcourg'd o'er all the fubject feas:
 From this rich root my blooming branches fpread,
 And rais'd their florifh'd head,
 Chear'd with the princely (w) Henry's orient ray;
 Till rifing on the morn importune night
 Spreads her black veil, and blots his golden day:
 Darknefs enfues, dark deeds, and impious might;

Whilst

v. Sir Philip Wodehouse ferv'd queen Elizabeth both by fea and land; at home, in Portugal, and in Spain: he was knighted for his fervice at Cadiz by the earls of Effex and Nottingham, the queen's generals.

w. Sir Thomas Wodehouse was in great favour with prince Henry fon to James I. and of his bedchamber; upon whose deceafe he retir'd to Kimberley. This high fpirited young gentleman was very unwilling that his father fhould accept a baronetage from
 James.

Whilst discord, mounted on his iron car,
 “Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war.”

What then cou'd virtue, “fall'n on evil days,
 On evil days thus fall'n, and evil tongues,
 With dangers compass'd,” and oppress'd with wrongs,
 Save to the wild woods breathe her plaintive lays,
 And charm the shades, and teach the streams to flow
 With all the melting melody of woe!

James. Descended from a long and illustrious line of knights bannerets, he consider'd knighthood as an high honour from the king, and sacred to military glory; therefore held this new carpet order in contempt; Sir Philip entertain'd the same sentiments, but being unwilling to disoblige the king, he submitted tho' with reluctance: thus the seventeenth knight banneret was the first baronet of the family.

But what avail'd or voice, or tunefull hand,
 When hell-bred faction, rear'd on balefull wings
 Stain'd with the blood of nobles and of kings,
 Spread total desolation o'er the land?
 Ah Kymber! where was then thy princely state?
 Sunk in the gen'ral fate:
 Thy (x) rich roofs sunk o'er golden pendants spread;
 Fastolf's white croflets moulder'd from the wall,

x. Alluding to these old verses, suppos'd of Sir Philip Wodehouse.

First fell Elizabeth's brave lodging roome,
 Then the fair stately hall to ruin came;
 Next falls the vast great chamber arch'd on high,
 With golden pendants fretted sumptuously.
 Yet of four parts three still remain'd the seat
 Unto that heir who was first baronet,
 And to his son, till the long parliament,
 Nobles and gentry sunk to discontent;
 In which sad humour he lets all the rest
 Of this fair fabrick sink into its dust;
 Down falls the chapel, last the goodly towre,
 Tho' of materials so firm and stowre,
 Time scarce uncements them. Like dismal fate
 Does England suffer both in church and state.

And (*v*) Hamo's lions dropt their gold-crown'd head ;
 The sacred chapel sunk, the festive hall ;
 E'en thy tall tow'rs majestic in decay,
 Like thy lost monarch, low in ruins lay.

Thus Britain sunk, and thus sunk (*z*) Wodehouse-tow'r:
 So sinks the sun, as o'er the turbid skies
 Sudden the storm-engend'ring clouds arise,
 And vex with uproar wild night's fearfull hour ;

v. Sir Bertram de Wodehouse, in the reign of Edward I. married Muriel daughter and heir of Felton,

Hamo lord Felton, in a ruby field,
 Two lions passant ermine, crowned gold.—
 Fastolf gives or and azure quarterlye,
 Upon a bend of gules white crozlets three.

z. This house was built in the reign of Henry IV. by Sir John de Wodehouse, who by his marriage with Margaret daughter and sole heir of Sir Thomas Fastolf of Kimberly, enlarg'd his elbow room, as Sir Philip Wodehouse expresses it. The building was large and square, with a tower, a court in the middle, and moated round : it continued the seat of the family till the year 1659, when it was suffer'd to fall. Its ruins yet remain.

That past, his bright beams resalute the day,
And heighten'd splendors crown his orient ray :
So Britain rose, so rose my towred state.
But not the swelling column massy proof,
The moulded pediment, the fretted roof,
Not this fair fabric proudly elevate,
Tho' fix'd by Prowse's just palladian hand
Its princely honours stand ;
Not this clear lake, whose waving crystal spreads
Round yon' hoar isle with awefull shades imbrown'd ;
Not these pure streams that vein th' envermeil'd meads ;
Not those age-honour'd oaks wide waving round ;
Exterior glories these of humbler fame,
Beam not that splendent ray which dignifies my name.

The spark of honour kindling glorious thought,
 The soul by warm benevolence refin'd,
 Th' æthereal glow that melts th' empassion'd mind,
 And virtue's work to fair perfection brought,
 Be these my glories. And thou, pow'r benign
 Whose living splendors round the patriot shine,
 Immortal genius of this far-fam'd land,
 This sceptred isle thron'd 'midst the circling sea,
 Seat of the brave, and fortrefs of the free,
 Oft' hast thou deign'd to take thy hallow'd stand
 These shades among; at virtue's radiant shrine
 Oft' caught the flame divine,

When dark corruption dim'd thy sov'reign light;
Thence beam'd thy solemn soul-ennobling ray
To gild these groves with all thy lustre bright,
Where nobly thoughtfull Mordaunt loves to stray,
And manly Prowse, with ev'ry science crown'd,
In freedom's rustic seat the polish'd graces thron'd.

And thou, to whom thy Kymber tunes this strain,
If strain like this may reach thy nicer ear,
O deign in mine thy country's voice to hear,
Which never to a Wodehouse call'd in vain!
By the proud honours of thy martial crest,
The trophied tombs where thy fam'd fathers rest,

By

By Lacy's, Clervaux, Hunfden's, Armine's name,
By manhood's, glory's, freedom's, virtue's praise,
Wake the high thought, the lofty spirit raise,
And blazon thy hereditary fame.
That fame shall live, whilst pride's unrighteous pow'r,
The pageant of an hour,
Fades from the guilty scene, and sinks in night:
That fame shall live, and spread its constant rays,
Warm like the blessed sun with genial light;
Whilst vice and folly spend their balefull blaze,
As meteors, glaring o'er a troubled sky,
Shoot their pernicious fires, amaze, and die."

He ceas'd his gratulation: the high strain
 Pierc'd the thick gloom where Britain's genius lay
 * Cover'd with charmed cloud from view of day:
 He heard, and bursting thro' the fals'd train
 In all the majesty of empire rose,
 And issu'd stern to quell his vaunting foes.
 The Naids saw, and swell'd their furling floods;
 Old Kymber saw, and smil'd; the burnisht glades
 Rejoic'd; the groves wav'd their exulting shades;
 And lofty Forthow bow'd with all his woods.
 The lordly lion ramping by his side,
 He march'd in martial pride,

* A line of Spenser's F. Q.

And pour'd his flaming spirit o'er the land.

The kindling hamlets, rous'd with war's alarms,

Snatch the bright faulchion from the hireling hand,

And bravely train their free-born youth to arms,

Whilst liberty her glitt'ring ensign waves,

And bids each gen'rous son disdain an host of slaves.

Then royally on th' ocean wave enthron'd,

With all his terrors arm'd, he rode sublime,

And roll'd his thunders o'er each hostile clime;

Scine's filken vassals trembled at the sound;

† The cloud-wrapt promontory shook, and all

Its rock-bas'd rampires nodded to their fall.

† Loughburgh.

Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign ;
Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,
And guard with lion ramp their native land,
Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the subject main !
So shall bright victory o'er thy laurel'd head
Her eagle pennons spread ;
Whilst soft-ey'd peace, quitting at thy command
Her radiant orb in yon' empyreal plain,
Waves o'er the willing world her myrtle wand :
So shall the muse her doric oat disdain,
And touch'd with sphere-born rapture's hallow'd fire,
Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.

Reign even there, and conquer'd Britain reign.

Will all the time be in your possession still?

And good with such a long and long time.

Then for thy throne, thou take the crown, and

So shall bright virtue over the world's day.

From the Hecuba of EURIPIDES.

Will all the time be in your possession still?

And good with such a long and long time.

C H O R U S

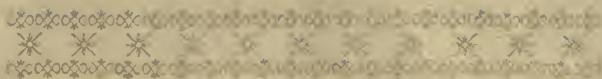
Will all the time be in your possession still?

And good with such a long and long time.

OF TROJAN DAMES.

And good with such a long and long time.

And good with such a long and long time.



From the Hecuba of EURIPIDES.

A D R A M A

OF THE LOST DAMSEL

STANZA I

TELL me, my father, ye rising Gates,

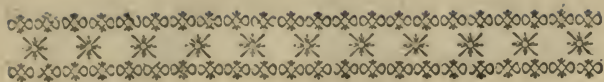
That brightly sweep along the ocean's main,

Whom and how oft the swelling tides

And e'en the proud beach dancing o'er the main;

Whither, oh! whether will ye bear

The sick'ning laughter of despair?



From the Hecuba of EURIPIDES.

C. H O R U S

O F T R O J A N D A M E S.

S T R O P H E I.

TELL me, ye gales, ye rising gales,
 That lightly sweep along the azure plain,
 Whose soft breath fills the swelling sails,
 And waft the proud bark dancing o'er the main;
 Whither, ah ! whither will ye bear
 This sick'ning daughter of despair ?

What

What proud lord's rigor shall the slave deplore

On Doric or on Pthian shore ;

Where the rich father of translucent floods,

Apidanus pours his headlong waves

Thro' sunny vales, thro' darksome woods,

And with his copious urn the fertile landskip laves ?

ANTISTROPHE · I.

Or shall the wave-impelling oar

Bear to the hallow'd isle my frantic woes,

Beneath whose base the billows roar,

And my hard house of bondage round inclose ?

Where the new palm, the laurel where

Shot their first branches to the air,

Spread their green honours o'er Latona's head,

And interwove their sacred shade.

There

There 'midst the Delian nymphs awake the lyre,
 To Dian found the solemn strain,
 Her tresses bound in golden wire,
 Queen of the silver bow, and goddess of the plain.

STROPHE II.

Or where th' Athenian tow'rs arise
 Shall these hands weave the woof, whose radiant glow
 Rivals the flow'r-impurpled dies
 That on the bosom of the young spring blow:
 And on the gorgeous pall present
 Some high and solemn argument;
 Yoke the proud courser to Minerva's car,
 And whirl her thro' the walks of war:

L

Or,

Or, 'gainst the Titans arm'd, let thund'ring Jove,

In all heav'n's awefull majesty,

Hurl hideous ruin from above,

Roll his tempestuous flames, and vindicate his sky.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Alas my children, battle-slain !

Alas my parents ! Let me drop the tear,

And raise the plaintive mournfull strain,

Your loss lamenting, and misfortune dear.

Thee chief, imperial Troy, thy state

I mourn subverted, desolate ;

Thy walls, thy bullwarks smoking on the ground,

The Grecian sword triumphant round.

I, far from Asia, o'er the wide sea born,

In some strange land am call'd a slave,

Outcast to insolence and scorn,

And for my nuptial bed find a detested grave.



FINIS.

Preparing for the Press,

By the same AUTHOR,

A TRANSLATION of the intire TRAGEDIES of

E U R I P I D E S.

E R R A T A.

- P. 17. l. 13. for heav'ns, read, heav'n's.
- P. 18. l. 7. for heav'n descended, read, heav'n-descended.
 l. 16. mark with a comma after voice,
- P. 27. l. 11. for still, read, till.
- P. 41. l. 7. for livid, read, living.
- P. 59. ad imum, for let, read, with.
- P. 60. l. 1. for dangeroust, read, dangerous.
- P. 68. l. 5. for embomfom'd, read, embosom'd.
- P. 77. l. 5. for springs, read, spring's.
- P. 81. l. 10. for strife, read, pride.
- P. 85. l. 6. for oft, read, of.
- P. 93. l. 7. for heav'n born, read, heav'n-born.
 ib. l. 9. for times, read, time's.
- P. 100. l. 5. feel, dele comma after feel.
- P. 116. l. 6. for forth-driven, read, forth-driv'n.

PR
3639
P5
1774

Potter, Robert
Poems

